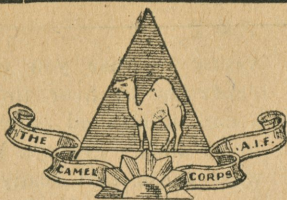


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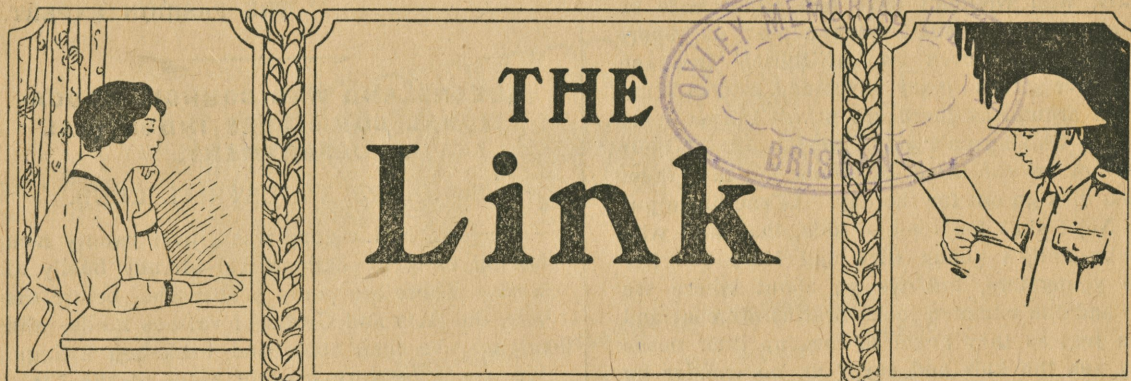
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Phone 839

Subscription, 3/3 half year posted. Editor: J. CRAMPTON ANDREWS, c/o R. McGregor & Co., Edward St., Box 493, Brisbane.

Vol. I.—No. 14.

BRISBANE, SEPTEMBER 20th, 1917.

PRICE, One Penny.

Mutual Service.

I wish I knew all the names of the women and kiddies I saw at the Mutual Service Rooms the other day. I would like to tell two men of their two little girls they have never seen, who were playing with toys and the mothers who were listening to a sweet making demonstration. One girlie sat cross-legged on an old high backed form, that, had it been in the old country I would have said had started its career in some farm inglenook, but being here, I guess came from some church. A dainty dark haired maiden making a picture contrast to the fair-haired rosy cheeked young teacher, who drew things for her. The afternoon sun making flashes of light on them and their dresses. At their feet, tiny tots on rugs with all sorts of toys, a wonderful flying swan that did all its machinery, and the soldier's baby demanded. Another nurse on an apposite high-backed form explained the mysteries of a wooden alphabet to another soldier's small son, who has never seen father, and at a table beyond were received red cross bags worked by a soldier's wife; and more were cut out and taken away to make. In the next room I came in in time to see the most interesting part of a display of sweet-making—wholesale barley sugar for the bairns—ready to eat. Also I was in time for afternoon tea.

Don't forget our shop, Mrs. L. Gordon Corrie reminded me. Anything anyone doesn't

want we are glad of. Surely there are quite a number of things Queensland people could spare. I don't mean relations or the gas man, but things of which we have grown tired and of which we may safely dispose or of which we have duplicates, someone else would give a few pence for them, and it would help the soldiers' wife and bairn. Mutual Service, the part of service given by the husbands and fathers of those bairns is a big one, don't lets shirk ours. Myself I'm sending up an old egg cup that came from France, from a farm house that used to be where our trenches are now, the fathers of those kiddies may be there now, perhaps fighting for those blessed babies who know nothing of war, for the slacker who won't and for you and me who can't help except here. I didn't want to part with that egg cup, it was made long years ago before France was smarting from the blows of '71, but I couldn't ask anyone else to do what I wouldn't do myself, and if there is some one amongst you who hasn't anything except some shillings to spare go and buy the old French egg cup.

And I say you stay at homes, what about giving a hand and giving those two dads a chance to see those kiddies. Go to Moon's Buildings, in Adelaide street, and to the Mutual Service Rooms there, and have a look at the wives and children of these men who are calling you. They want to get home. Keep on down Adelaide street till you come to the enlisting office.

Dear Chaps,—I've been getting slops from some of the returned fellows because in my letter last week telling you about badges. I left out what they considered the most interesting badge of the lot, that is the baby badge, and bosker little chaps some of them are, and joints, who wouldn't have had either wife or badge if there hadn't been a war on, sport one and some even two of these. Brisbane has never seen so many wives and kiddies being carted around as there are now. I hear some fellows who haven't got a baby badge of their own borrow the infant relations and take them when they go out for the day. As one bloke put it, "No, I ain't too fond of kids, that ain't why I take Polly's young Dick and Mary and her two youngsters, but we go about where we like and the wimmen looks first at my coat and then just as they begin to turn up their noses they see the kids and say, 'Oh, no wonder he doesn't go,' and they don't pass no more remarks."

I think the Government should give a medal to these women and kids who have protected these fellows. A reader from Kangaroo Point sends this touching effort. He calls it "Some Young Australians' Battle Hymn":—

The war's a dreadful thing, no doubt,
But one of its uses we're finding out—
But for the war I wouldn't be me,
Kate wouldn't be her, Jack wouldn't be he.

Sporty little chaps I call these fashionable badges, doing for their dads what these same dads hadn't the stuffing to do for anyone else—saving their skins.—

You might think that what with the war and the Bachelors Tax there wouldn't be anything new in fashions, but take it from me you don't know Claud and Willie. I saw one the other day posting a letter and no one to help him do it except a much dressed weary walker who took him off to afternoon tea as soon as the job was done. He had a fawn suit. He made the tailor put all the stuff he had of the sort, and as it was too much, he had folded it over and it was all folds down the back and some in the front, rather like my sister's dressing jackets, except that he puts a belt around to keep it from blowing over his head. Then he had the bits that wouldn't go into the coat put on the top of his boots.

The girls have got a nursery rhyme sort of effect with their new summer dresses. They run down to points just where you'd least expect them, on their elbows, on their chests, below their knees, and then finish off with cotton bells and tassels. They are most aggra-

vating because you walk along behind them expecting to hear them tingle tingle, and it seems unfinished when the bells all turn out to be duds. Perhaps they'll take this hint and wear those that really rattle or ring.

Yours, dinkum,

THE FASHION EXPERT.

QUEENSLAND WAR COUNCIL EDUCATIONAL COMMITTEE INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT.

SOLDIERS' INDUSTRIAL CLUB.

We have had a good week, over twenty men having enrolled, and several already busily at work. There are many people who, before the war, did Arts and Crafts of various kinds, who do not use their tools and workshop fittings. We would be very glad of these at the Club. We have received a donation of a small dresser from Messrs. Finney, Isles and Co., and a dozen cups and saucers from Messrs. F. Tritton, Limited. Also a piece of ivory for carving and an ounce of gold was obtained from some broken bits of jewellery sent in for a metal worker. You girls at home might look through your boxes and find discarded bits of silver and gold. They are no good to you and would help the boys.

A meeting of friends who wish to help this Industrial Club for returned men will be held at the Club Room, 2nd Floor, City Buildings, on Monday next, September 24th, at 8 p.m.

Men and women of Brisbane, this is not a thing that will last just during the war time. It will be during the life time of these men. We know how loyally you are helping and in how many ways you are asked to help, but we feel confident you will spare some of your time to assist this movement.

This Club recognising there is no panacea like work wishes to give the men a place and opportunity where those who have fought can find out what each is best fitted to do. With some disabled men we hope to give them training by which they can make good incomes, others who are in their old or other billets, a hobby by which they may make a little extra. All, a place where they may meet on the common ground of men who have fought.

The original starters have no doubt that this movement will very soon be self-supporting, but it must have something for a kick-off, and we feel confident that we will not ask for that in vain. It will take some little while to organise and train and during that time we want your help for the men who have helped you.

Write your letter on blank page.

THREE BOB A DAY.

"Yes," said 15th promptly, "I did meet Jim Fern; 'e was in our lot an' a real good sort 'e was."

"The men in his company all liked him"—Vinifred placed the fresh cakes nearer—"at last so those who have come back say." The coffee and scones were duly arranged.

"Thasso," agreed Wilson, late of the 15th. "The only one I ever knew 'im get really at loggerheads with was a cocky little sargint called Dobson, real bumpshus article 'e was, an' knew so much 'e did that 'e often missed finding out things everyone else knowed. Always makin' discoveries about somethin' bein' done rotten. 'Ab-so-lutely rotten,' was a great word of 'is, an' got 'im 'is name 'Rotten Dobson.'"

"Was his real name Austin Dobson?" enquired Winnie.

"Thassim," assented Private Wilson. "'Ope I haven't offended if 'e's any friend of yours, Miss?"

"Oh! I just knew him; in fact, he was my Aunt's coachman. I am glad to hear he got stripes; he must have been a better soldier than he was a coachman."

"If thasso," said Private Wilson, late of the 15th, "he must a been an all fired bad hand with the gee-gees."

"He wasn't anything to write home about."

"No! Well that explains things. It was always 'gerrup?' with 'im to somebody or something. I wondered sometimes wot bug was bitin' 'im. Drivin' osses that was 'is lay, was it?"

"Well, he nearly came a cropper over Jim Fern. Everyone of the rest of us knew who he was but 'Rotten,' and Jim's way of lookin' over Rotten's 'ed got 'im more narked every day."

"The climax comes one day when we was standin', three of us, talkin'. Mess orderlies we was, an' Rotten comes along an' catches the tail end of our remarks an' says in 'is mportant way:"

"Wot's that? Wot's that I 'ear?"

"And Fern 'e looks 'im up an' down an' 'e says, 'Something that wasn't meant for you to 'ear I expeck, sargint.' An' Rotten sees 'e's made a break an' blows 'isself out very important, an' he says:

"Do you know who you are speakin' to?"

An' Fern says:

"Come to think of it, I don't, an' I don't really want to."

An' Rotten 'e 'ops it, but 'e never let up ookin' to catch Fern.

An' one day 'e comes down three sizes larger

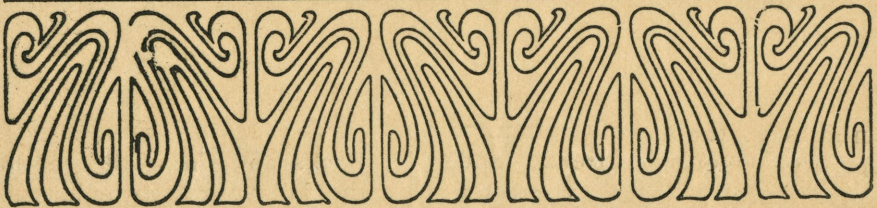




We are taking the opportunity of sending with this week's "Link" an extra copy of the soldiers' paper, asking that you will show it to some friend likely to be interested in our scheme for letting each of our boys have a copy of the home paper printed for him at home. We are taking this step because so many of you have written like a little friend from the North, "Will you please send me two copies because I send mine to the front, and I want one to show to friends."

We are always glad to hear from our subscribers, and will promptly send a sample copy of "The Link" to any name and address sent in.

THE EDITOR.



than life an' pretendin' 'e don't know which is which, 'e says:

"Private Fern, ere!" an' Fern 'alf grins an' says:

"'E was 'ere a bit ago; 'e ought to be easy found."

An' Rotten flares up when we all grins, an' 'e says:

"Is your name John Fern?" An' Fern says 'e s'poses 'e might as well own up that's the name 'e enlisted under.

"You're married?" Rotten snaps. An' Fern says "Yes!" but 'e'll promise not to do it again if it annoyed the sargint.

An' Rotten 'e snaps 'is 'ead off an' says:

"We're putting a stop to this sort of thing," an' the way 'e says WE you'd think Pearce 'ad asked 'im to give a 'and with the 'eavy end of the war business. "Fellows like you goin' off an' leavin' your wives an' children unprovided for an' a care on the State," e' says.

An' Fern 'e smiles lazylike, an' says:

"Why, sargint, when did it 'appen. I 'adn't no children wen I lift 'ome yesterday."

"None of your lip, Fern!" 'e says.

"No, sargint, certainly not, but you can't blame me for not supportin' my family if I don't know I've got any," 'e says.

An' Rotten 'e says quite mad-like:

"Very well, I'll crime you, that's wot I'll do an' you better come along too an' see Lootenant Mercer," 'e says.

An' Fern jumps up quickly an' says quite pleasantly:

"We'll go at once," an' then they goes up to the Orderly Tent, and Rotten says:

"This man is trying to get away without makin' any provision fer 'is wife."

An' Fern grins an' says to Lootenant Mercer:

"It seems it ain't enough to leave my wife forty pounds a week, George; I've got to leave her three shillings out of my pay as well. Sargint Dobson seems to think if I don't she'll be a charge on the State. Also, 'e dropped some 'ints about a family, but I'm afraid that's too good to be true."

An' Lootenant Mercer 'e grins uneasy like an' 'e says:

"I suppose you'll 'ave to do it. Regulations, you know."

An' Fern 'e laughs, an' while 'e alters 'is allocation paper the Lqotenant, who could be coarse at times, says outside the door:

"Sargint Dobson! go away an' wipe yer nose or something like that that really wants doin' in this camp. There's plenty things would pay for your watchful eye." An' Rotten's mouth which 'adn't got shut since 'e 'eard Fern say about the forty per to the misses, drops



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MARRIAGE.

SALTMARSH—MEAD.—On July 4th, at Holy Trinity, Dartford, Kent, by the Rev. Leonard Savill, Sergeant Kenneth B. Saltmarsh, A.I.F., fourth son of the late Mr. G. T. Saltmarsh, of Northfleet, and nephew of Mr. A. C. Saltmarsh, Brisbane, Queensland, to Ethel M. E. Mead, eldest daughter of the late Mr. James Mead and Mrs. Mead, Tower Road, Dartford, England.—(From West Kent "Advertiser.")

it a bit wider when Mercer finishes up—

"Didn't you know that's Jim Fern, of Fern-dale, wot you're watchin' to see don't skip the country an' leave 'is wife short three bob a day?"

An' Dobson 'e says, "Well I'm damned!"

An' Mercer says:

"An' no wonder, an' serve you right, too, you silly blighter."

WHICH WAS MASTER?

"Have you any old clothes of the master's you could give me?" said the ragged tramp.

"Do you want my old clothes or my husband's?" said the emphatic female.

KATIE KNITS.

Katie started out to knit, socks of black and blue,

Put much thinking into it (for the work was new),

But before the sock was grown, halfway down the leg,

Katie's love for knitting flown, passed the work to Meg.

Stitches dropped the trying rock, where Margaret came to grief,

Meg to Auntie passed the sock (sighing with relief),

Aunt the heel quite nicely turned, before she went back home,

Grandma then with thoughts that burned, made the task her own,

Soon two long black socks they lay, neat blue bands above,

Packed to "Jim Somewhere in France, knit with Katie's love."

OLIVE.

Dear Soldier Boys,—

We have been much perturbed this week by the news that our mails meant for you were accumulating in Melbourne by the hundreds of tons. Meanwhile, I suppose, some of you are wondering why we do not write. Really it some times seems as if chaos in all things had come again. War, Politics, Industry, Commerce, Religion. It seems as if a new world will have to be rebuilt when you have won peace. The place is full of people who are sure, if they can get into power of some sort or another, that it is their especial mission to put things right. One of the greatest dangers threatening the soldiers' cause is from returned men themselves. It does not follow that every man who is back here has become a statesman by some process before unknown. If a man hadn't any of the knowledge or endowments necessary for a maker of laws, donning the khaki would not supply that want. A man may have been only a mediocre citizen and become a hero we grant, and in whatever thing he is fitted for he should have every help and encouragement, and he is getting it, but the putting square pegs in round holes business isn't going to help your cause.

I think it very unlikely that when you all come back you will all subscribe to whatever policy half a dozen men shall have decided to map out for you.

I haven't any doubt about the representation of soldiers in Parliament when the soldiers come home. But as things are now it doesn't follow because a man was for a short time with some famous Battalion or other that he would be chosen by that Battalion to represent it before the people.

Two lots of returned men have come home since I last wrote, and there is another long list in to-day's paper. I never hear the band playing for them, but I feel choky longing for the days that plays the last of you home.—Kind wishes from

THE MATER.

"Young man!" said the recruiting lady, "Why are you not in khaki?"

"For the same reason you are not in a beauty show, madam. Physically unfit!"

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FROM A DECK CHAIR.

Good day to you, Editor, and to you mates wherever you get this, and now Mollie, whoever you are, before I go any further don't misunderstand my last letter. I didn't mean I got too many notes. I couldn't. No chap who spends most of his life sitting, gets too many letters, and for this column you needn't sign anything but your pen name, and to Doris and Edith and any others who would like to help me, "Crutches," Box 493, G.P.O., will find me.

Mollie tells me that Mrs. Stoney Bliss gave a bridge party last week. Mr. Stoney sold a house at New Farm to the Billjims and cleared £100. The Stoney Blisses were undecided for some time whether they would pay the tradesmen or give the party. Finally, they decided to pay a deposit on a car and give the card party. It was most successful in every way, and Mrs. Stoney Bliss, who plays cards well, won enough to pay the caterer.

Doris writes that the Isaacstein and Darnley wedding has eventuated at last. No one could understand why Papa Isaacstein suddenly withdrew his opposition, for he is a very strict Jew, and all the other children have married in their own faith, and Doris tells me it was all owing to a friend of papa's taking in a bill young Darnley (who, as you know, is one of the "Devil's own") had sent him. I believe it is something in four figures. At any rate, when Papa Isaacstein read it he went straight home and said: "Rachel, my child, perhaps I have been too strict; you may ring up young Darnley to come to dinner." And so it was done. Doris says it was a very pretty wedding. She will "send me a snap of it for a future issue. The bride wore white silk and the regulation veil and bouquet; the bridegroom a white vest and tie." I don't think that could be quite right. If so, I will not promise to publish the snap for the "Link" is a family paper. That is, of course, unless there was plenty of white silk.

Edith tells me that the Tevison Smith Joneses have come down for a few weeks, and are staying at the Vulcan Hotel. Mrs. Trevison Smith Jones is taking a course of Turkish baths and massage to reduce her "all too solid solid flesh." Miss May Tmevison Smith Jones is going to help in war work. She hopes plenty of photographs will be taken of the lady workers. She says they cheer the boys up and are so nice to send to your friends. She thought first of doing V.A.D. work, but does not care for the costume, unless there is a new design for the coats.

Yours,

"CRUTCHES."

We have seen some slips printed by the Queensland Patriotic Fund for the information of the branches. It makes one realize what the patriotic work here really means to the man at the front, and in view of the fact shirts and socks are wanted for you by the hundred thousand, thick woollen gloves and Balaclavas, and that the London Commissioner cables that they rely on Australia to supply biscuits, sweets, sugar, oatmeal, milk, tobacco and cigarettes for winter. We can't surely relax our efforts here that mean so much to you. The Tommy Cookers seem to be great things, and reading your letters about them makes our throats lumpy. To me it seems so unnecessary for a soldier, O.A.S., to be grateful to those who are safely at home doing their comparatively small bit.

THE FLANNEL FLOWER.

You girls of Australia,
You bards of the same,
You maids and you matrons from Blighty,
You've sung of the Wattle,
The Rose and the Thistle,
But one you've forgotten to name.

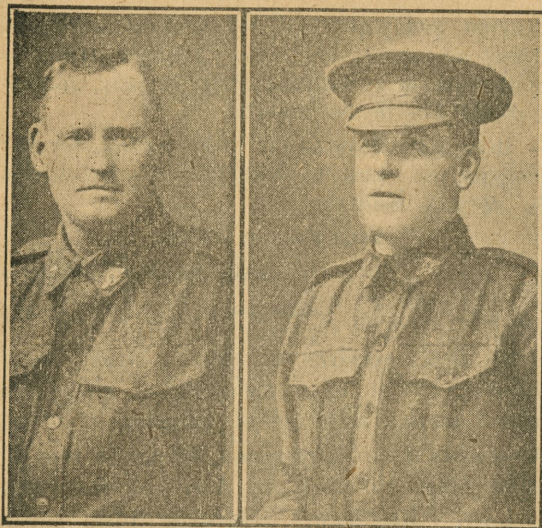
Its known to your brother,
Your father, your lover,
If they in the trenches are fighting,
It hears our heart beating,
(Unless with strong Keating,
It's small clinging petals we cover,

Tho' never a vulture,
On sweet horticulture,
This blossom I carry all day,
And when we're not sniping,
All hands you'll find piping,
An' ode to the Flannel Flower gay.

They grow well in seams,
They thrive in our Jeans,
These flowers of the flannel and spread,
From the soles of our feet,
To the place where we eat,
We cherish them warmly in bed.

I wish I could send you
A bunch from the Somme,
To show how our Flannel Flower grows,
But an' order they're bruited,
T'would hinder recruiting,
(That's bad enough now goodness knows).

But if in the evening,
You're thinking of me,
And taking in Nature's soft tones,
Perchance I'll be resting,
With strong thumb nail testing,
The strength of the Flannel Flower's bones



Two sons of Mr. McArthur now on active service, well-known in the Goondiwindi district.

FROM AN ADELAIDE CORRESPONDENT.

This week and next are full and overflowing with engagements, for their Excellencies the Governor-General and Lady Helen Munro-Ferguson are with us until September 21, and their presence naturally gives an added impetus to the many patriotic entertainments to be crowded into the fourteen days. As it is "Show" week and the city is besieged by "hayseeds," the recruiting committee are very hopeful a certain percentage will join up and so help their brothers at the front. The Director-General (Mr. Donald MacKinnon) drew a big crowd at Bowman's Arcade at luncheon hour on Wednesday, when he spoke on the serious outlook of the war. Fortunately the South Australian industrial workers have proved loyal and in the great industrial disturbance have "kept the home fires burning" without cessation. This has done much to wipe out the stain which soiled the fair name of South Australia at the conscription referendum. The returned men are finding a haven of rest at the Cheer-up Hut. On Wednesday the new wing, presented by the Petersburg branch, was formally opened and also a small rest-room, which has been gratuitously furnished by Mr. W. A. Duncan, of Marabel. Many visitors passed through the building during the day, which was set aside as a "gift day," and quantities of groceries and vegetables were received by Mrs. H. P. Wilson, who, with the late Mrs. W. J. Stock, approached the committee with the idea of holding a donation day and who is to be congratulated on the grand result. The gifts

included a ton of flour and half a ton of sugar, and butter and eggs, the quantity and quality of which gladdened the heart of Mrs. Graham, who will be remembered not only by her excellent cooking, but by her bright and cheery personality. Professor Henderson repeated his lecture on "Australian Development" at the Queen's Hall last Friday evening. Mrs. Albion Tolley and her daughter were the prime movers in selling tickets, providing sweets and charming little floral posies, which were sold by a number of our prettiest girls, and added to the proceeds, which were devoted to the Artillery Trench Comforts' Fund. Lady Galway requested the Red Cross Tea Room girls to keep open three days this week so that the country visitors can take luncheon and tea at the rooms and so help the Red Cross Fund. The committee willingly agreed, although it means much additional work. The Red Triangle Day Fund now reaches £3,000, and is still incomplete. In October we will make an effort on behalf of the sailors, and last week raised £130 at a garden fete, organised by Mrs. Alexander McCulloch. Men of the A.I.F. now in camp came and gave the stallholders assistance in their efforts to raise funds for the widows and dependents of the men of the sister service.

SUCH BRUTES.

Miss Flossie sat playing alternately with a fine black pussy cat at her side and a kitten on her lap.

"I call my cat Mrs. Ink," said Flossie to her friend, the returned soldier. "This is her forty-third kitten!"

"What became of the other forty-two?" queried the soldier.

"Oh, of course, we drowned them."

"But why not save all that by drowning Mrs. Ink?" he queried.

Flossie raised reproachful eyes.

"Oh, how brutal you become, you men. You think nothing of taking life!"

"Did you see what the "Bulletin" says about you?" came a voice over the 'phone.

"No!" and wondering what sins of omission or commission "The Link" had committed that would make the "Bulletin" laugh. "What have we done?"

"Oh, no, its nice! Calls you a friend!"

We stood up to the 'phone, and felt really pleased with ourself, like we used to do in Egypt and Somme war in France, when we got a copy of the "Bulletin" through. At first it never came, although our letters told us it



69963255

SEPTEMBER 20, 1917.

had been posted in Brisbane. Then my sister hit on the brilliant plan of buying copies of the "Temperance Advocate" and the "Christian World," pulling the "Bulletin" in two and putting each half in one of these highly respectable journals. No longer did my "Bulletin" go astray guided in right paths by leaves from these highly respectable journals, and being delivered by them from the hand of the spoiler once more Hop and Co. made us happy.

Paddy was over in New York and the Yankee was holding forth about their buidlings. "Look at that edifice!" he said, pointing to a sky-scraper. "That was begun one Saturday and finished the next!"

"That's nothing to my country," said Pat. "We put up a whole row of cottages in that time and at the end of a week the tenants are evicted for being a fortnight behind with their rent!"

Dear Editor,—This week I want to tell you and the boys who read the "Link" that Colonel Grant writes to say they received no less than 15 cases of parcels of good things for 11th Light Horse Regiment and 52 cases from General Fund, and after being on bully beef and Army biscuits. Well, let us imagine the rest and try and send them more.

Mrs. Grant, the Colonel's wife, who manages Bowenville station herself, and tries to keep things going, is busy now collecting to send her husband's regiment Xmas parcels. I take off my hat to her and know you will do the same!

Lieut. Alec. Richards, writing as late as June 16th (9th Battalion) from "Somewhere in France," was well and expecting "big doings" very soon. He is a son of Major (Dr.) Richards, Mt. Morgan, who died at Gallipoli whilst on duty, 1914. His only brother, Dr. Russell Richards, has returned to Australia after doing his "bit" for 18 months.

Many of you will no doubt have met Trooper J. H. James, of 5th Light Horse Field Ambulance. Their family holds rather a record I think. Five brothers out of six volunteered in

August, 1914, two have returned wounded, and three are still over there. Trooper James is now working at Saltbush Park, Mackay, and his parents live in Toowoomba.

It is a privilege to me to be writing for and helping the "Link." With lots of good wishes to all who read it.

Your sincere friend,

MARGARET BLUEGUM.

We have received a circular from Sister Elaine, relative to a Competition Essay for which entries with fee of sixpence, close on December 1st. Essays and fee to be sent to Miss Mary Hein, Hon. Assistant Secretary, A.L.H., "Hoonham," Edgecliffe road, Woollabia, Sydney.

There are three sections:—

Section I.—Historical.

- (a) The Importance to Australia of the Victory or Defeat of the Allied Armies.
- (b) The Settlement of International Disputes by Arbitration instead of War.

Section II.—Devotional.

- (a) The Importance of Prayer in the Life of a Nation.
- (b) How to Preserve the Balance between the Physical and the Spiritual in a Materialistic Age.

Section III.—Economic and Social.

- (a) The claims of Agriculture and Horticulture on Australian Girls.
- (b) Alternative, "Am I my Sister's Keeper?" or "The Value of Girls and Women's Clubs in the development of National Character."

Subjects (a) are open to all Australian Girls over 14 and under 21. Subjects (b) are open to all Australian Women over 21 years.

A first prize £1 War Certificate will be given for both subjects in each section. A second prize, 12/6 in Books in each section. All Essays to be signed with a nom de plume.

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